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Agricultural.

MERINO SHEEP.

Annual Meeting of the Michigan Breeder Association—Great Interest Shown and a Large Attendance—Papers, Discussions, etc.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association opened in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol at Lansing on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. The attendance was large, and represented all portions of the State. Many new members put in an appearance, and the interest manifested showed how strong a hold the Merino sheep has upon the farmers of Michigan. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Chas. M. Fellows, of Manchester, who read the following address:

President of the Michigan Sheep Breeder Association—GENTLEMEN: We are again met in these halls, and I am before you with my annual address. Four successive years you have honored me as your presiding officer, and it will not be at all surprising if there shall be a somewhat longer term. I say so, before the message which I now bring you, and just here if that may not be out of place to say there are scores of members of this Association who are abundantly qualified to preside over its meetings, and, consequently, if nothing more, would deserve a chance at the election. While death has claimed the thousands of victims on land and sea, we are not aware of any loss in our society since its organization except that one esteemed friend, B. T. Engalls, of Almont, who died recently.

The last year has shown a marked improvement over the preceding one in the history of the Association; new members have been accepted, the increase of old flocks have been added to the record, a list of stock rams arranged, and the like. Yet we have not accomplished as much as we confidently expected would have been done. A year ago the first volume of the Michigan Register was thought to be almost within our reach; in our imagination we turned the page and were willing to let the work go. The Association was three years in publishing its first volume, and the second did not appear until four years later.

We have made a rapid growth since our organization, and in 1883, with 30 members, we have at present 212 members and 213 flocks recorded. This is more than Vermont had in her first volume, her members were from nearly every wool growing State in the Union. Ours are all, except three flocks, from Michigan.

Your committee have asked me to speak especially of "Our Association, Its Object and Work." I rather like the way the topic begins. "We the people, in the declaration of a government which is for the people, for the people, and by the people." It expresses our individuality, as well as our unity in the Association. Harmony is very essential to the success of any organization; the seeds of discord, however, bring forth more than the handful of gold. A strict adherence to the principles of right and justice is sure to win. Each member is part of the Society, and its success or failure depends upon individual action. The Michigan Register, we believe, will be successful in the United States as to authority or attraction, and should receive the hearty support of Michigan men.

The door into the Association is guarded against dishonesty by requiring a recommend for membership from every applicant, and the same is to be done by the Association through the exit of any member who shall wilfully misrepresent the blood or breeding of his sheep for the purpose of registration or sale, or present any certificate or evidence to the committee on pedigrees, knowing it to be false. The object of the Association is clearly defined in Article II of the constitution, which reads as follows: "The object of this Association is within our own State, and in co-operation with similar associations, in other States, to preserve the purity of the Improved American Merino breed of sheep to produce further improvement, and to provide for the registration of the histories and pedigrees of the flocks of Improved American Merino sheep in Michigan and elsewhere."

This is indeed a worthy one: To trace, keep, and record the blood of all breeds of sheep which have no superior, and to make further improvements in their characteristics. If the illustrations which we have in print are correct portraits, we have made a very important addition; indeed as great to the change that our improved type of sheep justly be called the American Merino, although of Spanish origin. The imported Spanish Merino ram illustrated on page 49 of the Second Volume of the Vermont Register is a fine animal in appearance with the best specimens on the other pages, and their shearing record is as great a contrast as their appearance.

The work of the Association is to secure the object for which it was formed, and the prin-

cipal object is "the registration of flocks of established purity of blood in Michigan and elsewhere." Rules one, two and three clearly define this part of the work: "None but members can have their sheep recorded in the register." Each application must furnish a pedigree in writing, giving history of the sheep, by whom bred, and as far as possible the families and breeders through which their lines of ancestry are traceable, back to imports from Spain prior to 1820," and he is required "to breed a flock of animals to be pure-bred, acknowledged breeders, pure improved American Merino sheep." "And he shall further solemnly affirm his belief in the truth of the evidence and statements which he presents." If these rules are enforced by the pedigree committee, we have a safe record of the purity of a flock.

Mr. Peter Martin, who had been re-

quested to furnish a paper on "Qualities most Transmissible in Breeding," chose another subject, namely, "Lessons from Past Experiments," which was read, and drew out a sharp discussion which closed the evening session. It will appear in full hereafter.

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Farm Matters.**PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.**

Our Correspondent Reaches Ionia County and Describes Some of the Farms in that Land of Promise.

In our erratic wanderings "on the wing" we have wandered into Ionia County, and if our readers are posted in the dry statistics that are issued by the State departments they cannot have failed to notice that in agricultural products she ranks high, and her citizens consider her one of the brightest gems in the coronal of counties that form our State. As we intend to remain here long enough to become thoroughly familiar with it in all its bearings, we shall try and give our impressions of it for the benefit of our readers.

Our first point was Maple Avenue Stock Farm, situated three miles south and west of the village of Pewamo, but in the township of Lyons, as we remembered that we had made its genial owner, Fayette M. Dean, a promise at our earliest convenience. Knowing of our intention he met us at the depot and gave us a ride after his bay team over a pleasant expanse of farming country. This farm is one of 143 acres of productive land, and makes a very pleasant home. The barns for grain and sheep, the carriage house and piggy are all well built, in convenient shape and good style, are well painted, and all supplied with ventilators on top. We find Mr. Dean a perfect enthusiast in fine wooled sheep, having commenced breeding them two years ago. He has now one of the finest flocks in the State, and all registered. The four-year-old ram "Noontide" stands at the head of the flock of 75 ewes; he was sired by Iron-sides 34 (357), he by Silverhorns (177) by Bonapartes 176, etc.; he was purchased from Van Giesen, of Brooklyn, Mich., and is a very stylish, low, heavy-built ram, and a grand good-took-getter. He has a dense, heavy fleece, even, oil well distributed; is well covered over, and has a heavy bold front. We find three C. E. Crane ewes; one of them six years old, sired by Eureka 3d, deserves particular mention, for we find her to be a splendid breeder, raising a lamb every year. She has a vigorous constitution, a head almost unequalled, a heavy and extremely large, and always first at the fairs where she is shown every year. She has a dense fleece of medium length, with oil of buff color. The other two are two years old, and are nearly her equal, while the four-year-old that was sired by Magnet, and bred by H. E. Sanford, of West Cornwall, Vt., is a heavy-folded, good show ewe, and up to the standard. We saw some two-year-olds by Noonday that are large and stylish, with dense staple and well covered, and the yearling rams and lambs of his get are showing lots of style also. The size of the ewes in this flock drew our particular attention, as 30 of them will average 135 lbs. Mr. Dean seems to breed for size as well as other essentials in a good flock. Although but a young breeder we give him credit for having one of the best flocks out of the numerous ones we have seen in our wayward flights. He has had in his purchases the choice and top of the flocks of C. M. Fellows, Palmer & Read, J. Van Giesen, S. S. Brewster and J. P. Dean, of this State. Not content with this, he, at about the same time, started out in breeding Poland-Chinas, purchasing from Levi Arnold the boar Black Sambo 3233; he was by Arnold's Sambo 1257, dam Pride of Michigan 2d 4030, by King of Riverside 1019; 2d dam Pride of Michigan 2180 by Morton's Young Alex 1801, and the sow Daisy Day 7098. She is two years old, was bred by the Barnes Brothers, of Byron, Mich., was sired by Curly U.S. 2391, with Core Bell 2886 for a dam; is black with white points, extra short fine head, short neck, broad back, good heart and loin, heavy ham, and stands square on her feet. We also saw Hoosier Jim, bred by J. H. Williams, of Bryant, Ind., sired by Star of the West 1883, with Spotted Rose for dam, by Corinth Prince 3357, he out of Cora Shellenberger 2890, etc., and has a right from his breeding to be a good one. Also Prairie Rose by U. S. 1155, one of the best sires, and dam Salt Fox 4168, both Tom Corwin stock. We notice in his fine little herd that his young stock is good, of uniform shape and size, of dark colors with white points and few white streaks. Mr. D. has been a prominent exhibitor at various fairs, and has taken 41 premiums, which we think, considering the time he has been breeding, a splendid record. Our visit here was to us pleasing in more senses than one; for outside of the personal pleasure it proved the stepping-stone to introduction to many a prominent farmer, for he drove more than 200 miles over this and adjoining counties. He has also a family of interesting children, and we remember an incident of the visit. Little-three-year-old Carl, while we were engaged in writing, was slightly punished for some trivial offence, and after the smart had subsided walked to his mother with a penitential air, and said, "Mamma, ain't I one of Jesus' little rams?" but we remember "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Mr. W. heartily engaged in their care, and we hardly dare repeat the statement of facts and figures that he gave us of their profit to him; but will add that from this small commencement his flock now numbers, independent of increase sold, 101 head. We see 44 lambs that he has been offered \$10 each for. He tells us this is the most profitable branch of farming or stock-raising that he ever struck; that his sales of increase of wool, and premiums from the small start, has been over \$1,900, and his flock to-day numbers 101 head.

Joseph Townsend has 200 acres of improved land, lying very finely, produces richly, has no waste land, is well adapted to wheat, and yields sometimes 44 bushels to the acre. This is quite a model farm, has an elegant two-story frame house of modern design, built five years ago, upon it, with excellent barns. The roadway along this farm and that of Mr. Dean, is bordered on each side with thrifty young maples that add to the beauty of the landscape, and to the comfort of the young couples who utilize it in their pleasant summer evening drives.

Mr. C. A. Searing, of Lyons, has a farm of 100 acres, and is one of the well known Shorthorn breeders of this county. He has a herd now of ten head, with the bull Red Cloud 2d 49531, bred by H. G. Holt of Cascade, Kent Co., at the head of the herd. He is red in color, a good blocky animal, well developed, and is a good stock animal. He was sired by Lord Moreton 33092, out of Lady Thornapple 5th by Duke of Oakdale 1888, etc. We see Fanny 8th, eleven years old, bred by A. DeGarmo of Highland, Oakland Co., sired by Hotspur 4th 8854, dam Fanny 5th by Blucher 19049, etc. Of his own breeding we see Princess of Lyons, three years old, by Count of Orange 32006, dam Fanny 8th; Tulip 7th, bred by A. DeGarmo, six years old, by 12th Duke of Oakland 18549, dam Tulip by Hotspur 4th 8854; Mabel of Lyons is two years old, was sired by Sheppard 83867, dam Tulip 7th, and was bred on the farm; also the yearling heifer Clare of Lyons, bred by F. M. Dean, dam Tulip 7th, and sired by Duke of Lansing 35161. This stock is particularly prepossessing in appearance, and is well bred. He has also a reputation as a breeder of Chester White swine, his foundation stock coming from S. H. Todd of Ohio. His Ring 3d was sired by Ring 2d, from Lady Clark 3d; his dam, Lady Clark 4th, one year old, is a straight broad-backed animal, with hams well down on hook, fine tail, shoulders good and well set forward; neck short, head small, broad between the ears, ears thin and drooping, characteristic types that prevail through his whole herd. He tells us his sales have been good this season. The young heifers, the calves, the older stock and the swine are looking well. The house and barns are in good shape, with all the little fixtures that make a home comfortable. We certainly enjoyed the elegant spread prepared by Mrs. S., and placed before us in such bountiful fashion.

J. A. Balch has a small farm of 80 acres, and is paying much attention to bee culture; having last spring but ten stands, the increase has been so great that he now has 50, besides selling five this season. He assures us that they are very profitable.

The evening of the 28th addresses will be given by President W. O. Houghart of the G. R. & L. on "The Relations of the Railroads to the Farmers," and by Hon. Henry Fralick on "Our Fairs and How to Improve them."

The morning of the 29th Hon. A. B. Cheney, of Sparta, will read a paper on "Bees and Bee Culture," Prof. W. J. Beal of the Agricultural College will give an address on "Grasses," and an essay by W. T. Adams on the "Relation of the Farm to the District School," will close the morning session.

The afternoon of the same day Prof. E. A. Grange of the Agricultural College will deliver an address on "The Examination of Horses with Reference to Soundness," illustrated with a living horse upon the platform, pointing out as he talks the things to which he refers.

The closing session of the Institute will be held on the evening of January 29th, at which Judge I. H. Parrish will give an address on "Law of the Farm," followed by a paper on "Manures for the Farm," by Dr. Kedzie. Prof. Beal will have a display of different varieties of grasses, with which to illustrate his lecture, and Dr. Kedzie will perform chemical experiments as he proceeds with his lecture, to illustrate the points he makes.

This institute will be the first ever held in this county, and will be held in the Club rooms and the warerooms of the Grand Rapids Manufacturing Company adjoining. Farmers, their wives and children are urged to attend, and assured that the sessions will be full of interest and instruction.—*Grand Rapids Eagle.*

Cheese and Cheese Making.
At the meeting of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association at Cincinnati, recently, Prof. L. B. Arnold delivered an address on "Cheese and Cheese Making," of which the following is a brief resume:

Nearly all the cheese in this country is made in factories. Cheese is a luxury and not a necessity, and is not the most important product of the dairy. If cheese were made perfectly, one pound of it would contain as much nutrient as two pounds of meat. But cheese is not usually made as it should be, and contains only about fifty percent of the possible nutritive matter. "You may wonder what the matter is," said the speaker. Simply, we don't know how to make cheese. The cheese maker doesn't know why he must use rennet. He only knows he must use it. Rennet makes the cheese. The process of cheese-making is a process of digestion. When you have made a curd with rennet, that curd is insoluble in water, and unless it undergoes some further change it is indigestible. That further change is what we want. We want the action of the rennet to partially digest the cheese. One fault of the cheese of commerce is that it goes on the market before it is fit for food. If we remove the phosphates from the milk we get a curd which is insoluble. The milk is treated with acid which decomposes the phosphates, which disappear in the whey. The cheese thus treated requires a large amount of curing. In its early stages it is not fit for food. Cheese is affected by the complex character of milk.

We can divide the milk into cream and skimmed milk, then we can divide the cream into butter and buttermilk; then we can divide the buttermilk into six or seven oils. Buttermilk can be divided into whey and coagulated matter, and so with skimmed milk. It can be divided almost indefinitely. The cheese maker, therefore, has a very difficult task to accomplish the same result at all times. He has a great many agents to deal with. The health of the cow and the food given her also affect the milk, and thereby the cheese. The way he makes cheese is to expose the curd made in the usual way to the air, which takes out the foreign odors. The rennet materially aids the oxygen of the air to decompose all foreign flavors and odors. It is not necessary to have the temperature at any particular point, though he prefers it to be pretty high. He removes the curd from the whey as soon as acidity approaches, and lets it mature out of the whey. In that way the cheese is made solid and digestible, and cures thoroughly and rapidly.

Kent County Farmers' Institute.

Dr. Kedzie, of the State Agricultural College, met with Messrs. S. L. Fuller, E. G. Holden and P. B. Best last week at the West Michigan Club room, and arranged a programme for the State Farmers' Institute to be held here January 28 and 29, substantially as follows:

A. J. Balch has a small farm of 80 acres, and is paying much attention to bee culture; having last spring but ten stands, the increase has been so great that he now has 50, besides selling five this season. He assures us that they are very profitable.

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Packing Butter in Crocks.
A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald gets at one source of poor butter, when he charges deterioration to imperfect glazing of the crocks in which it is packed. He says:

"The partial loss of a crock of our own butter the past season, or what was about the same, the loss of its flavor and the consequent old taste, has led to the looking into the matter, and the supposed perfect glazing of the crock was found to be pierced with a great number of most minute holes, the result in some way of the burning. This let the air into the mass of butter, or what was worse, the inside material of the crock simply acted as a sponge, and the finer aromatic oils of the butter were absorbed through these minute holes into the clay and the outside layer of butter was ruined, leaving but a core of good butter in the centre of the crock. No poorer article was ever invented in which to pack butter than a poor crock, one either imperfectly glazed or a "second" that contains cracks, "blisters" or scaled off places.

When the glazing is perfect, or glass-like, absorption cannot take place, but unless it is perfect there is a great liability of a loss in aroma and texture; and what was put down as yellow butter will be taken up with edges bleached out and the flavor gone. If a broken crock is examined it will be found that the glazing at best is not thicker than a film, and might easily be destroyed by the action of the oil and the acids of which butter is composed. The genuine stone crock with its glazing of glass makes a perfect package of butter, but the common clay

crock, with its salt wash, or vitreous glaze, is often a delusion in butter keeping; but what consumer ever thought it was the crock itself that worked the damage and charged it to this cause?

The Crop for Worn Out Pastures.

A correspondent of the *Husbandman*, in answer to this inquiry from a member of the Elmira Farmers' Club, says:

"On worn out land would do as well as anything with thorough preparation for the crop and the addition of a sufficient amount of barn-yard manure or commercial fertilizers. Being an old sod, the land should be plowed early in the spring, as soon as the soil is dry enough, and between plowing and planting time, worked over several times with a spring-tooth or Acme harrow. When ready for marking, drill in at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, a mixture of the following ingredients, viz.: 800 pounds dissolved bone, 400 pounds potash salts and 200 pounds of dried blood or animal matter, and the same combination with the addition of 600 pounds of plaster, dropped in the hill, at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre at the time of planting. If the land is very poor I would recommend drilling in a larger amount of the fertilizer than was mentioned. The fertilizer applied in the hill will help the corn in the earlier part of the season, and that which was drilled will be utilized by the spreading roots at the later stage of growth, and advance the time of ripening from a week to 10 days, which this year would have been worth many times the cost of the fertilizer to a majority of farmers throughout the first time.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says castor oil is his resort when he finds a fowl is affected by any internal disease, and he finds it uniformly successful.

When a chicken has symptoms of crop, he shuts it up in a warm, dry ventilated coop, sprinkled with air-slaked lime, and gives it a teaspoonful of the oil, more or less, according to the length of time the fowl has been ill, repeating the dose two or three times a day, and keeping the coop, feed-dishes, etc., absolutely clean. The fowl soon recover.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says castor oil is his resort when he finds a fowl is affected by any internal disease, and he finds it uniformly successful.

What has Skepticism done for the world? Nothing but to suggest doubts. It has even suggested that Rheumatism cannot be cured. Skepticism is as bad as Rheumatism.

What has Science done for the world?

A good many things; for instance, it has shown that rheumatism can be got rid of.

Modern science has proved that Rheumatism is a blood disease, and has provided ARTHROPHOROS as the remedy which can completely cure it.

It has proved that although the old doctors failed to reach it, ARTHROPHOROS can reach it, and eradicate it from the system.

It has proved that those tormenting diseases were so slow and obstinate, they can be overcome in a little while by means of

and if it is not rightly done it must be taken up and relaid, this costing, certainly, four times as much as would have done it right at first; and perhaps more, as it is far more trouble to take up a drain, than to lay it the first time.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Husbandman* says the bulk and weight of barn-yard manure cause many who are accustomed to its use to doubt the efficacy of the application of a commercial fertilizer, which appears to them by comparison to be somewhat like a homoeopathic pill. They do not know, or fail to remember, that eighty per cent, or more, of manure from the barnyard is water, thirteen or fourteen per cent carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, five or six per cent of silica, leaving about one per cent or twenty pounds in a ton of the essential elements of plant food, consisting of phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen. The benefits received from barnyard manure are due more to their mechanical effect on the soil, than to the amount of available plant food which they contain.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Horticultural.**Enriching Orchards.**

If there is any doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple-orchards will repay labor and expense, or that the successful raising of the apple-crop depends upon proper manuring, then we may just as well doubt the virtue of manure upon any other crop of the farm. Yet how seldom do we see this estimate given to the enrichment of the apple-orchard? And if it is the main object to obtain a crop of hay, this manuring of orchards performs a double service. But how seldom do we see this important part of the farm-crops treated thus generously? And then when the crop fails it is attributed to other causes that have no existence, especially the idea that apples won't bear any longer in our soil. Now, the fact is, apples are just as well suited to the soil of Pennsylvania, and we may add to the soil of the Middle States generally, as they are to the soil of any other State or section of country. We manure the land for wheat, corn, potatoes, &c., every year, or we should not expect a crop, nor should we expect apples in the absence of occasional fertilizing.

Many farmers entertain the idea that the manure applied to orchards is so much thrown away, which ought to be used on the regular farm-crops, and thus habitually neglect the orchard, and then complain that it is useless to attempt to raise apples, as if the soil for such fruit had run-out! Experienced growers of fruit, and especially apples, know how fallacious such an idea is; they know that the crop responds to the effects of a dressing of manure as readily and as surely as does any other crop, and they would no more dream of neglecting their orchards in this respect than any other portion of their farm. A top-dressing of almost anything applied in the fall or spring will surprise one in its effects. For spring a fine dressing should be bestowed, either of wood-ashes, if it can be obtained, wood-pile or road-scrapings, washings from ditches, good pulverized muck, or commercial fertilizers. In autumn compost or well-rotted barnyard manure with the lumps crushed is to be preferred.

Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards should inform themselves upon the subject from successful fruit-growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some sorts, as pears, will do much better in one locality than in another, though the distance may be only a mile or two.

Planting of Trees on Lawns.

Loudon says there are certain defects in grounds and buildings which owe their existence to errors and omissions on the part of the builder or planter, and certain other sins perhaps of a more heinous nature which are committed by the occupants after the place is finished. The remote cause of these last errors is the desire inherent in almost anybody who is in possession of a house or grounds which he can call his own, of doing something to it; and the immediate cause is, that this something is usually done solely with reference to itself, and without any regard to its general effect on the house or grounds, coupled as a whole. Perhaps a new flower garden is to be laid out, and it must have beds in it, or statues to ornament it, like those of B. or C., without considering that B. is a castle and C. a palace, while the scene where the flower garden is to be formed is, perhaps, a plain modern villa. The desire of imitating others is thus at once the cause of the spread of improvement and the introduction of much absurdity. The purchase of articles at sales because they are good and cheap or perhaps beautiful in themselves, is also often the means of spoiling the general effect of a residence. We have seen a handsome lawn spoiled by the desire of the lady of the house to have a piece of rock-work; and we have known the foundation of a house rendered damp by the occupier having purchased the brick and scorie of a rock-work at sale, and for want of any better situation, banking up the lawn front of his house with them. Nothing is more common than for gentlemen of leisure, who have small country residences, to attend nurserymen's sales, and purchase articles they do not want, merely because they are cheap. These cheap purchases are often fatal to the general effect of a small space. Room must be found for the trees and shrubs which have been bought, and wherever there is an open space on the lawn one or more are put down in the middle of that space. We have been told a hundred times, there is no harm in putting down a single tree, more especially as we always plant them in the middle of an open space where there are no others near. Persons arguing thus little know that a few very single trees put down on this principle of "always placing them in the middle of an open space where there are no others near," would destroy the effect of the finest place in existence. Single trees in a park or pleasure ground, are like the last touches of an artist in painting a landscape.

Notes by a Fruit-Grower.

Although it is customary to mulch strawberries, seldom do we find any one taking that trouble with the equally important raspberry and blackberry plantations. None but those who have practical knowledge of the benefits to be derived from the application of some loose material over the surface of the soil can form the least idea of the increased size and quality of the fruit. Should the mulch consist of good stable manure, so much the better for the crop, and it might be said for the greater luxuriance of the canes and foliage.

During a severe drought this protection will aid in securing an ample crop when neighboring unmulched plants present a sickly appearance and are destitute of fruit.

Sopsuds, which is a valuable fertilizer for all forms of vegetation, is especially serviceable for small fruits, and in the fruit garden proper will never be wasted. Some writers have recommended the

constant use of the hoe in preference to mulching, which is good advice so far as a loose open surface soil is concerned, but it will not retain a cool, even temperature, nor a constant moisture, such as may be gained by a light, porous mulch.

Notwithstanding the prevalent idea that a rich soil induces blight in the pear, practice in many cases seems to refute the theory. Wood ashes and ground bone are useful fertilizers, but a good rich compost, composed of decayed stable manure, will accomplish astonishing results, not only in a greater luxuriance of growth, but in the size and quality of the fruit. The most successful orchardists are those who feed their trees with a lavish hand and without fear of disease. This may sound like radical doctrine, but the facts in many notable cases attest its truth.

As the majority of our cultivators appear to believe in doing nothing, and remaining satisfied with nothing in return, let them try a little manure as a change of base.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Whortleberry Culture.

A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* writes from Illinois, detailing his success with this fruit, which certainly would seem might be made a source of profit if brought into cultivation:

"I have been experimenting with the whortleberry now for five years. I find them to grow finely under cultivation, and there is no discount on their bearing qualities.

"But it takes them so long to get well established in their new quarters (some three years or more), but after this they begin to bear profusely and will increase every year for a lifetime, I suppose, and every year the crop is heavier, and the berries are much larger than in their native wild state.

"The stools keep spreading on all sides all the time, from shoots, like the hazel, and when they get too many these can be removed for starting new plantings with. There is no difficulty in getting them to grow, if done properly; that is, take up as much of the old roots as possible when removed from the woods, and they should not be exposed long to the wind or sun-shine to dry out the roots. I find this to be the great trouble in transplanting them from the woods—suffering the roots to get dry. I have some that I got from Michigan that bore a few berries last summer, the second season after setting; these were nice large berries, but a good deal softer than our native kinds. We have two distinct kinds here. One is a tall grower with red twigs and oblong fruit, and very blue; the other a low bush or shrub, grows from one to two feet high, the twigs about the size of the osier willow, fruit more black and cherry shaped, generally larger than the blue or oblong. The leaves are also different. I find the oblong to differ in flavor from different patches. Some are a good deal sweeter than others, like blackberries from different localities.

"For the past two seasons I have tried kerosene oil as a remedy for these pests, and with very gratifying success. Last year I used strong soap-suds in which was placed the kerosene in the proportion of one to five. This year I have stirred the kerosene into sour milk, which had not become thickened, in the same proportion and find it works well.

"I think it quite important to throw this on to the insects with considerable force. Thus, when I forced it on with Whitman's Fountain Pump, I found I succeeded better in killing the bugs when I used a common sprinkler in making the application. If applied with the sprinkler, it is kept from the body by the heavy wings, which cover the body as with a flat roof. If forced on with the pump, it deluges the whole body and brings quick death.

"If applied as directed—one part to four of the milk—the vines will not be injured, I found that one to three was too strong, as it did some injury to the plants. As the kerosene mixes well with the milk when stirred, this is a convenient dilutent; yet we must apply soon after the stirring, as the two substances separate when left quiet. Sweet milk answers well, but no better than does the sour and it is worth more."

The Squash Bug.

Prof. Cook says that heretofore the squash bug has been the hardest to deal with of all the insects which vex the farmer. He made some experiments in regard to its subjection the past year, which are given in the *Rural New Yorker*. "The eggs of the Squash Bug, which are glued to the under side of leaves, are brown, globular in form, though somewhat flattened, and are laid in clusters. These are laid at intervals, and as they soon hatch, we find the bugs of all sizes, all through the season, even till quite late in the fall. The larva, which has the same habits as the pupa and imago, or fully developed bug, is gray and wingless. The larva is proportionately short at first. It soon elongates, and becomes yellowish in color. All through the season the larvae, pupa and imago will be seen in company about the vines. They insert their long sucking beaks, and thus rob the squash and pumpkin vines of the sap. This causes the leaves to wrinkle up and die, and if the insects are very numerous the vines are killed. During cool nights and in winter the insects are wont to hide under any chip, clod, or other protection that is at hand.

"Heretofore our best protection against this bug was to place chips about the ground among the vines and thus capture the bugs early in the season as they would cluster under these chip traps. In common with all hemiptera, which includes our plant lice, it is difficult to poison these Squash Bugs as they do not eat, but suck their food; so any poisonous compound which we may scatter on our plants does not disturb them at all. They reach through it and so do not get it as they insert their beaks. To kill them, then, we must use some substance which will destroy by outward application. I have placed these bugs in pyrethrum for a whole day, and yet they seemed to suffer no harm. I am sure that it is useless to try to kill them with this insecticide which against many of our insects is so valuable.

"For the past two seasons I have tried kerosene oil as a remedy for these pests, and with very gratifying success. Last year I used strong soap-suds in which was placed the kerosene in the proportion of one to five. This year I have stirred the kerosene into sour milk, which had not become thickened, in the same proportion and find it works well.

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Honeysuckles.

Thos. Meehan, in the *Germantown Independent*, says:

"Honeysuckles are old favorites in gardens, and many suppose there is nothing new to be said about them. But there are now more kinds known than there were a few years ago, and some of the newer sorts differ in many respects from the older ones. The Chinese and Japan sorts are probably the best known of all, with the addition of the Belgian. The two former flower at the same time in the spring. Both are desirable, and are often planted together, on account of the contrast of color of the leaves and branches, the Chinese having red stems and leaves of the same tint, while the Japan of a dark, shining green. The Japan is of a dense growth, and is the more desirable of the two, when the object is to form a screen as well as to have bloom. Then, too, the Japan is very nearly evergreen, a great portion of the leaves keeping on until spring, especially when not too badly exposed to cutting winds. The Belgian is not a good one for climbing, but for rock-work, or covering an old stump, or similar purpose, where dense growth is not wanted, it is very well suited. It is one of the honeysuckles which has a honey scent to the flowers, and it blooms occasionally throughout the summer. But for a succession of flowers, there are none equal to the newer one called Helleiana, or Hall's honeysuckle. This does not commence to bloom so early as the others named; but then it flowers so profusely, and the blooms continue to come more or less all summer, that it is a sort which can not be done without, where flowers are an object. It is not alone its ever-blooming qualities which recommend it. It is besides a very strong grower, the best in that respect in fact, of any of the sorts. The leaves are not of such a glossy green as those of the Japan, but they are very persistent in the winter time. It is a sort which pleases all who have it. There are other kinds of honeysuckles valuable in collections and for certain places, such as our native scarlet and yellow sorts, which are yet occasionally met with in our woods hereabouts. It will be a long time before any vine is found to supersede the honeysuckle for planting about our homes."

Salpiglossis.

Vick's *Monthly Magazine* gives a very beautiful plate of this handsome flower, of which it says:

"The Salpiglossis is one of the most beautiful of annuals, and makes a fine mass planted with the different colors. This plant is a native of Chili, and with us is called half-hardy. The soil where it is grown should be rich and mellow, and by preference sandy. Although the seed can be sown in a warm, sheltered place in the open ground when the weather is settled in the spring, it is better to raise the plants in the house, greenhouse or cold-frame, and thus get them earlier and more surely. Under glass

the little plants, as soon as they have made a few leaves, should be potted off in small pots, and as they grow, shifted into larger ones. In this way they can be had of good size by the time frosts are gone, and be ready to plant out and commence flowering almost immediately. They continue in bloom all summer.

When the seeds are sown in the open ground the plants bloom rather late. In transplanting from pots it is best not to break the ball of soil, as this plant does not bear transplanting as well as many others, and it is best to take this precaution. We know of no flower superior to this for bright, rich coloring for vases or cut flowers."

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Practical Farmer* says he protects the canes of tender raspberries and blackberries in the following manner: He takes a long and heavy pole or fence rail, and places it on the ground parallel with the row and closely against the canes. Then raising it slightly, he presses it firmly against the line of canes, bending them all over at once and protecting them to the ground. A few of the canes are split, but scarcely any broken, in thus bending them over. Any additional covering will depend upon circumstances. Snow will render anything further unnecessary. Cornstalks or straw are often used, but a mass of evergreen branches is better than anything else.

Horticultural Notes.

L. H. BAILEY says he can make more money out of apples at 25 cents per bushel than from wheat at \$1.

The market price of toads in London, Eng., is from \$15 to \$20 per hundred. Gardeners buy them to destroy obnoxious insects.

Look out for a "tree agent" who has curculio prouoms, the German Prune, at \$25 per tree; and blackberries which grow on a vine, like grapes, at \$1 each.

N. J. SHEPHERD says that he finds a great help in fighting insects in the garden is to have the soil rich and mellow, so that the plants take a strong and rapid growth, which takes them out of the way of the worst injuries by the bugs.

In trimming grape vines it should be remembered that the wood of this season's growth will be the portion to bear next year, and enough of it should be left on the vine for that purpose. The object of trimming is to remove the superfluous wood, and the vines should not be cut too close.

A MEMBER of the Dayton, Ohio, Farmers' Club thinks it a mistake to assert that the encasing of twigs and buds of fruit trees in ice by a storm in winter is injurious, unless the weight of the ice is so great as to break them. The branches of a peach tree, lying on a roof and buried in frozen snow-ice, which completely covered them, bore well when the exposed branches of the same tree had their fruit buds quite killed.

PROF. J. A. LINNEMAN says that minute as are most of our insect enemies and insignificant in size to other naturalists, yet, in combination, they have desolated countries and have brought famine and pestilence in their train. Unrestricted power could be given them to attack us, in our persons, food, clothing, houses, and domestic animals and the consequent disease, poverty, exposure and want, would in the end, remove the human race from the face of the earth.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Germantown Telegraph* says he has found salt a valuable remedy for the rust on blackberry vines, and concludes: "I have applied two or three handfuls on the surface of the ground, immediately over the roots, when the plants were badly rusted; in two or three weeks the disease had disappeared and the plants had made good growth. I believe moderate applications of salt, sown broadcast over a blackberry patch, would be of great benefit as a fertilizer and health renewer."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Germantown Telegraph* says the rotting of celery is due to several causes. One of these is a very rank growth just before trenching in the fall; another that sometimes the ground is so dry at trenching time that the celery wilts and decays instead of growing; a third is digging too early or covering the trenches too soon. Celery should never be lifted until there is danger of its being frozen. No slight frost will hurt it; five or ten degrees, will not injure it unless very soft indeed. But a frost that will fasten it in the ground so that it cannot be dug out will kill it. There is no need for covering against frost until three or four weeks after it has been put away, and the covering should be gradually applied and of a kind that will lie on it lightly.

From Frank J. Pierce Periodical Depot 138 Water Street, Augusta, Me.

"I am pleased to say that two bottles of your valuable Adamson's Cough Balsam has entirely cured me of a cough of nearly a year's growth. I have tried many mixtures during that time without success."

Apianian.**Large Yields of Honey.**

Frank Dougherty, in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: "We have reports of large yields for the past season, which the uninformed would seem almost incredible, and it is having a tendency to make some of our new friends form rather extravagant ideas of what may be accomplished with the aid of our little bees. While we have great faith in our pursuit, and have realized large profits, we do not wish to be understood as saying that it is all profit and no work, neither is it certain, every year, although we have had but one entire failure in the past ten years.

"As a by-business, and in connection with farming we do not know of anything that will pay better in a small way for the amount of money invested and the time required to give the necessary attention. And again a number of colonies in improved hives with the modern appliances, will pay better and require much less work in proportion, with much more certainty of success than double the number of colonies in old style box hives, and run on the old go-lucky plan.

"In speaking of improved hives and the modern system of bee-culture, it is not to be understood that the bees will gather more honey or that they will

any better if left entirely to themselves; but that with theseives and the knowledge of the present day we are able to take advantage of their instincts, and to encourage it until the result is double the amount of gain.

"Frame hives are of no particular advantage unless the combs are built in the frames straight, so that they may be handled at will as intended, that the brood chamber may be increased or decreased to suit the requirements of the colony; that a very few bees in the spring may not be compelled to care for double the amount of comb necessary to their wants; that they may be given a few sections at a time for the storage of surplus honey; that they may be changed from one to another; that the weak may be assisted by the strong; in fact at the complete will of the bee-keeper, that they may be used as one family."

To Bee-Keepers.

A. J. COOK, Professor of Entomology at the State Agricultural College, has issued a new and enlarged edition of his "Bee Keepers Guide, or Manual of the Apiculture," the former editions having become exhausted. The new edition contains 250 pages and 192 illustrations. It has met with the strongest approval from the various journals devoted to aparian affairs, as well as from thoroughly practical bee-keepers. The fact is the Professor understands his subject and writes in such a clear and concise way that the merest novice can follow him understandingly. To the new beginner the Professor has conferred a great boon, while his researches into and investigations of the scientific department of bee-keeping will prove of great interest and value to the oldest veteran. It is a sufficient proof of the great popularity of the work to state that 10,000 copies have been sold since 1875. The new edition is sold at \$1.25 per copy; but to those of our readers who would like to procure it we will send it postage paid, and the FARMER one year, for \$2.25, a discount of 50 cents on the regular price of both.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Are the bees inclined to accomplish the necessary work of cleaning, and restoring? Are they more than in their purgative effect than any others, yet are not violent in their action, exercise a powerful influence for good upon the other vital organs as well as the bowels and restive bowels.

AYER'S PILLS.

Do this more effectually than any other.

The diuretic effect is not less marked.

Also spring from disorders of the digestive functions, and are not only exceedingly painful to themselves, but have a decided influence on the whole system, physical and mental. Its symptoms are manifold, and many of them so serious that they are generally regarded and treated as special maladies.

Prompt Relief.

Must be accorded to avert most serious consequences. Medicines that kill their pain by dulling their sensibility, or that stimulate them to unnatural activity, do infinitely more harm than good. To restore them to health, the kidneys must be cleansed

MICHIGAN FARMER

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1833.

PLIMENTS OF THE
SEASON.

This issue of the FARMER is sent to press one day earlier than usual, so as to enable the editors, compositors, and other employees to enjoy their Christmas. We hope that in every household the paper reaches it will find one and all enjoying a "Merry Christmas," and that they may enjoy many of them is the sincere wish of its publisher.

SPECIAL NOTICE

From and after this date the subscription price of the MICHIGAN FARMER will be One Dollar and Fifty Cents (\$1.50) per annum, and this includes postage. As the postage is about eighteen cents per year on a single copy, our readers will admit that we are getting down to bed-rock. The FARMER is not a cheap paper, published by its owners for some ulterior object. We do not run an insurance office or manufacture agricultural implements, hence we cannot afford to compete with some publishers who are. They are willing to give you a copy for 25 or 50 cents per year, and rely upon getting four times the price of the FARMER out of you during the year by doing so.

Remember, \$1.50, postage included, is all we ask you for 52 numbers of the FARMER, the blank paper of which will cost 75 cents.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 108,856 bu. against 206,253 bu. for the corresponding week in 1832, and the shipments were 49,411 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 123,270 bu., against 374,455 last week, and 493,703 the corresponding week in 1832. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 15 was 35,118,221 bu. against 34,195,933 the previous week, and 19,781,437 bu. at corresponding date in 1832. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 933,288 bu.

The wheat market has been quiet and uninteresting all week, and the movement of stock very light. While receipts were small—about one half what they were the same week last year—demands have been equally so. There is no strength in wheat except the feeling that it is selling close to its intrinsic value, and therefore not likely to show any decline that will be permanent. Stocks are larger at all points, and the foreign demand dull; as the large stocks secured over there early in the season give buyers the advantage. The market closed Saturday slightly lower than last reported, and it is doubtful if there will be any change until after the holidays. Chicago was also a shade lower, Toledo dull, with No. 2 red at \$1 04 per bushel.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from December 1st to December 23rd:

	No. 1 white	No. 2 white	No. 3 white	No. 4 white	No. 5 red
Dec. 1.....	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 2	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 3	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 4	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 5	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 6	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 7	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 8	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 9	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 10	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 11	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 12	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 13	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 14	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 15	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 16	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 17	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 18	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 19	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 20	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 21	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 22	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04
" 23	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04	1 04

There is little speculative trading in this market, and futures are dull and a shade lower. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

	Dec. 23.	Jan. 1.	Feb.
Wheat, bu.	1 04	1 04	1 04
United States east of the "Rockies"	53,309,000	53,309,000	53,309,000
Afcoat on the ocean for Europe	20,100,000		
Total, December 18th, 1833	55,309,000		
Previous week	55,309,000		
Total, December 12, 1832	63,706,000		
Total, December 13, 1831	45,882,000		

The total stocks of wheat at nineteen leading interior and seaboard markets, east of the Rocky Mountains, in transit from the west to the seaboard, and afloat on the ocean, destined for Great Britain and continental Europe, on dates named, were as follows:

	Wheat, bu.
United States east of the "Rockies"	53,309,000
Afcoat on the ocean for Europe	20,100,000

Total, December 18th, 1833

55,309,000

Previous week

55,309,000

Total, December 12, 1832

63,706,000

Total, December 13, 1831

45,882,000

The stock of breadstuff in Great Britain is said to be equal to 4,000,000 bushels, greater than ever before known; and 9,000,000 bushels larger than at this period last year. The stock in the United States at the last computation was the largest ever held at one time. But the stocks have undoubtedly reached their highest point, and a decline is likely to set in from now onward.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Dec. 23.	Dec. 17.
per cental.	per cental.	per cental.
Flour, extra State	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.
do Spring 10s. 2d.	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.
do do new	8s. 4 d.	8s. 4 d.
do Western 10s. 2d.	8s. 4 d.	8s. 4 d.
do do	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 65,459 bu., and the shipments were 63,333 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 15 amounted to \$8,815,876 bu., against 8,329,842 bu. the previous week, and 7,407,700 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 455,834 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 22,027 bu., against 44,104 bu. last week, and 29,335 at the corresponding date in 1832. The bad reports in regard to corn do not diminish, and in the northern portion of the corn belt the extent of the damage is serious. Farmers are realizing high figures, however, for this poor corn now being converted into fat animals, and instead of hurrying hogs to market, as they were inclined to do a little way back, they are now delaying the marketing, and enlarging feeding, utilizing the damaged corn to the best advantage—a very judicious course for them to pursue. Allowing that it takes 25 per cent more than the usual quantity of corn to add 100 pounds in weight to the hog, farmers are realizing 40 to 45c per bushel for this inferior corn at home, fed to this stock, at current prices for hogs. We look for a moderate movement in hogs until after the first week in January, and liberal numbers later, and good quality. The quality of hogs now being marketed is generally better than earlier, and is really good. There seems to be a growing apprehension that values of product are low, perhaps not until next month, may suffer a considerable break, and there is some reason for the apprehension.

Reports show the number of hogs packed from November 1 to December 19, at the undermentioned places, with comparisons with last season:

	1832.	1833.
Chicago	1,275,000	1,245,000
St. Louis	220,000	248,000
Indapolis	163,000	180,000
Louisville	180,000	103,000
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	84,490	61,390
Cleveland, Ohio	56,491	35,990
Dubuque, Iowa	65,900	28,000
Kecook, Iowa	22,529	24,628

At this season of the year we are compelled to give up considerable space to the various conventions held by the different interests pertaining to agriculture. This week the sheep breeders are accorded a good deal of space, but not too much, we believe, when we consider the great importance of the sheep industry in this State. It belongs to and forms a part of the agricultural system of Michigan. The Convention held at Lansing last week was notable for the large attendance of representative farmers, and the general interest manifested by those present. The papers read and the discussions upon them were all of a most practical character. Among those present were Alonso Sessions, Henry Chamberlain, John T. Rich, A. M. Willets, Wm. Ball, H. H. Hinds, who are well known aspable men, and such veteran sheep men as Adrian Taylor, D. P. and H. R. Dewey C. M. Fellows, E. W. Hardy, A. A. and J. S. Wood, J. H. Thompson, J. C. Thompson, George Radford, George Stuart, R. B. Carus, G. W. Kennedy, B. G. Buell, and a long list of others well known to readers of the FARMER in connection with this great interest. Hillsdale sent nine representatives, and active ones too, the Saginaw Valley was represented, and Oceana County was headed through one of her enterprising business men; Kalamazoo, Jackson, Ionia, Genesee, Calhoun, Ingham, Allegan, Oakland, Washtenaw, Branch, St. Joseph, and Lenawee Counties were ably represented. We were also pleased to see the number of young breeders present, and the active part they took in the proceedings. It showed that when the time comes for the old veterans to leave the flocks they have so long watched over, their places will be filled those who will continue the improvement begun by them. These young men are rapidly pushing to the front; they have less to contend with than had the pioneers in whose footsteps they follow, many of whom have grown gray in the business, and should therefore accomplish even greater results.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following from Wm. G. Brownlee, Secretary of the Detroit Free Trade League:

"Would you agree to publish in your paper short articles on the tariff question, if proof slips were furnished you? The articles will be non-partisan, and will be written by men who thoroughly understand the subject. Several of the articles will be written by such well known economists as Prof. Sumner, Prof. Perry, and Hon. David A. Wells."

We cannot afford the space necessary for these "economists" to expatiate on their particular hobby, or any other hobby. Were they farmers or working men, not wedded to any theory, but seeking after the truth, they would be given a hearing with pleasure. But "Professors" and lawyers are generally so full of theories that is impossible for them to treat questions in a plain, practical manner, that would be of benefit to the people generally.

Mr. HENRY WILSON, of Tecumseh, Le Sueve Co., sends us the following report of the shearing of E. S. Parmelee, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., for spring of 1833: His whole flock of eighty sheep registered in New York State Register, averaged over 18 lbs. Seved at State shearing at Avon, April 26 and 27, gave as follows: Greasy Bill, three years old, No. 58, 40 lbs.; Capt. Jinks, two years old, No. 87, 31½ lbs.; two, one year old, No. 93, 23 lbs. 12½ ozs.; ewe, one year old, No. 106, 21 lbs. 11½ ozs.; ewe (got two lambs), three years old, No. 21, 23 lbs.; ewe (got one lamb), three years old, No. 23, 21 lbs.; ewe, nine years old, No. 23, 21 lbs.; ewe (got two lambs), three years old, No. 24, 21 lbs.; ewe (got one lamb), three years old, No. 25, 21 lbs.; ewe, nine years old, No. 26, 21 lbs.; total; seven of seven sheep, 181½ lbs., an average of a little less than 26 lbs. per head. Who can beat that?

A CORRESPONDENT at Indian River, Cheboygan County, writes as follows: "I have just dug a well, and at 28 feet depth struck a large vein of water which has filled the well and now runs over the top in sufficient quantity to fill an inch pipe. It is hard clay the whole depth. What shall I do to confine the water so as to have it rise above the ground?"

I have heard many favorable reports of Mr. A. T. Short's "Diamond." Being at Mr. Parmelee's (then the owner of Greasy Bill, now owned in your State), I was so much pleased with his lambs that I engaged two ewes to him; but when I sent them found to my great disappointment that he had sold to parties in your State. Mr. Parmelee is thought to be one of the best breeders in Western New York. If any man can find a better lot of breeding ewes than his, he can do better than I can.

Poetry.

THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

O, the old trundle bed, where I slept when a boy!
What canooped king might not covet my joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine.
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the
light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.
O, a nest of delight from the foot to the head.
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle bed!
O, the old trundle bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with
awe;
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly
slept,
Where I heard the low, murmurous cheep of the
wren.
And the katydid lisstlessly chirrup again.
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trun-
dled bed.

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed!
With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned
spread;
Its snowy white sheets and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches
of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep,
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
One bowed with my own o'er the old trundle bed.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand.
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?
These white rose feet along the doubtful future
Must wear a woman's load;
Also! Since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.
Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will call away the bramble, letting only
The roses blossom there.
But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them?
Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?
How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude
highway
Stretches so strange and wide?
Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—Florence Perry.

Miscellaneous.

A ROMANCE OF THE BRIDGE.
A New York *Times* historian (so he says) was recently engaged in a little "operation" with Frank James and Henry James Jr., in an attempt to rob the mail and obtain a letter which contained a pointer on Western Union in transit from Jay Gould to the Princess of Madagascar. To effect this happy result, the drivers of all the mail wagons were chloroformed, and the mail was hurriedly searched. The letter looked for was not discovered; it was afterward ascertained that Mr. Gould had used a postal card—but the historian found the following document which sufficiently explains itself. The letter was addressed to a young lady in Milwaukee, whose name is withheld for the sake of the historian's relatives, who are dependent upon him for support. It reads thus:

ASTOR HOUSE, New York, Nov. 14.

MY DARLINGEST KATE.—I am sure you will forgive me for waiting three whole hours before writing when I relate the occurrences of this morning. It is so romantic, just like one of Miss Braddon's stories for all the world. Now, please promise me, dear Kate, not to skip down to where the interesting part of the letter begins, but read it right straight through, or I shall never forgive you. You will, won't you?

Well we had an awfully stupid trip down here, the only pleasant instant was when a fat woman fell out of a top berth onto the porter, who was crawling under our berth, right opposite, after pa's shoes. Pa had tried to hide his shoes, you know, so as not to have to pay the porter for polishing them, but it was no use. The old lady gave him a quarter (the porter, not pa) for being there when she fell out. There was absolutely no one on the train worth speaking to, and so I was awfully glad when we reached New York at last, just a little more than three hours ago. But what an awful lot of things have occurred in these three hours!

Kate, it seems like fate that Pa brought us with him to New York. You see, we came to the Astor House because Pa has to transact business down town, but of course you don't know that the Astor House is down town, after all. But it is, though. We were landed in the Grand Central Station, and when Pa and Ma and Toby—I could just slap that child, he's such a horrid nuisance—and I came out into the street, I really thought, Kate, that those cabmen would put us into their horrid old cabs. Pa had to pull like everything to get his valise away from one of them and he did look ridiculous. Anybody could tell that he and Ma and Toby didn't belong in New York, they acted so—so interested in everything, but I just behaved as if I had always lived here, only I will admit that I thought the glass box they put tickets in on the elevated railroad station was an ice cream freezer, and asked pa, so that a man heard me, what in the world they wanted to sell cream for at this time of year. How that horrid man, that heard me, did roar! I don't see that he had much to laugh about though. His over coat was awfully shabby. But I really don't know what I am writing all this nonsense for. I started to write about the Brooklyn bridge and how we went across. Pa was awfully anxious to see the bridge, and the sleeping car conductor told him

that it was right at the end of the elevated railroad, and so Pa said we'd go down on the elevated and go across the bridge before we went to the hotel, as we'd sent all the baggage down.

Kate, you have no idea what a frightful sensation it is riding over the elevated railroad! First we went just a little way in one car and then got off and waited for a long train, and then we went down an awful way in the train, and finally had to climb over a great high bridge, level with the roofs of the highest buildings, and take another train. We rode all the way even with the second story windows of the houses, and I should hate to have to live in one of those rooms. You know you can look right in and see everything. Won't you ever tell if I tell you something? Well, I actually saw a man in one of those rooms—I almost blush even to write it—in his shirt sleeves. Don't you remember we have always heard that New York people are awfully fast? I guess that's pretty true. Why, whole families frequent the saloons together. I know it because every saloon we passed had a family entrance. Isn't it shocking? I should hate to live here because I haven't the slightest doubt that if we did Toby would grow up to drink beer.

But I haven't told you a word about the bridge yet. When we finally got down to what they call the "City Hall Station" it was about 8 o'clock in the morning—you see we got in on a very early train—and everybody was rushing down town in such a hurry that we thought there must be a fire, and pa asked a policeman about it, and the policeman said it was only men in a hurry to get to their offices. Then pa asked the policeman what that was we were standing by, and he said it wasn't a depot, it was the Brooklyn bridge. Pa told the policeman he'd better not try to guy him, because he was acquainted with his superiors, and that horrid policeman actually told pa to go and fall off the dock, and said he'd better tie a string to himself or he'd get lost. Then ma said very dignified to the policeman that he was an impudent wretch, and do you know what that policeman did? He told us to go further up the ticket office. I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but pray allow me to set you right. That is Governor's Island, where Gen. Hancock's headquarters are situated, and the statue is to us and said to pa, in such a very polite way that we couldn't have been offended if we'd tried:

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but pray allow me to set you right. That is Governor's Island, where Gen. Hancock's headquarters are situated, and the statue is to us and said to pa, in such a very polite way that we couldn't have been offended if we'd tried:

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we looked down on the roofs, and still higher and higher, until we were far above the tallest factory chimneys, and the people in the streets below looked like little black dolls, and the great buildings like railroad cars. The chimneys and roofs and sides of the houses on both sides of the bridge were covered with all kinds of advertisements of all kinds of things. But when we had passed the great pier and came out on the span of the bridge over the river the view in both directions was absolutely glorious. To the south the sun was sparkling on the waters of the river, clear down into the bay, and through the Narrows, far, far out into the vast ocean, which stretched away and away until the soft blue blended with the azure of the sky. On both sides of us the harbor was a forest of masts, and the two cities lay spread far out to the east and west. Beneath us—but so far below that they seemed like toys—vessels of all descriptions were steaming and puffing up and down the river and in and out from the piers;erry boats, barges, steamers, schooners, fishing-smacks, row-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds danced upon the sparkling water, while to the north the river wound sinuously among the piers and houses close to its edge, and disappeared in a labyrinth of brick. Isn't that a beautiful description, Kate? I can't tell you how many sheets of paper I've wasted in accomplishing it. I wish you'd read it to your uncle, and if he insists on printing it in his paper you can let him.

Now comes the romantic part of my story, Kate. While we were standing leaning over the bridge, and pa was pointing out Blackwell's Island, where he told us, they were going to put the statue of Bartholdi, an awfully, awfully handsome and perfectly swell young gentleman, with the loveliest mustache and eyes and the divinest hands and feet, who had been standing near us looking at me, came over to us and said to pa, in such a very polite way that we couldn't have been offended if we'd tried:

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but pray allow me to set you right. That is Governor's Island, where Gen. Hancock's headquarters are situated, and the statue is to us and said to pa, in such a very polite way that we couldn't have been offended if we'd tried:

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P. S.—This is strictly private and confidential, of course, about Mr. St. Elmo. F.

P. S.—MY DEAREST KATE.—I have unsold this letter to tell you that something awful has happened. Pa has just come in and told us to pack up and get ready to start home to-night. I never saw him in such a frightful rage. He absolutely swore so awfully that ma screamed, and it was about Mr. St. Elmo, too. He says that he is a "bunco-steerer," whatever that is, and that he'll kill him if he sees him again; and it seems that pa some way has lost all his money. Isn't it awful? I could just cry. You'd better not say anything to Howard about what I told you.

FANNIE.

♦♦♦

Received.

THE LEAGUE OF THE INQUIRERS. By Benjamin Hathaway. S. C. Gregg & Co., Chicago.

The Confederacy of the Five Nations, all historians are agreed, was one of the most remarkable organizations among savage nations, of which we have a knowledge. Five Indian tribes formed an alliance which continued for hundreds of years, and which is still the admiration of statesmen, because of the sagacity and wisdom of its polity. It is this confederation of the Iroquois, undoubtedly the most intelligent of Indian tribes that Mr. Hathaway's book treats. He gives us the Indian account of the origin of the League; and the adventures of the mythical Hayowentha afford a theme for the poetic imagery of the author, who has carefully studied their traditions, and brought out all their romance and beauty. In view of the rapid decadence of the race, and the fact that its total extinction seems but a question of time, Mr. Hathaway's book possesses a historical value, aside from the poetic and literary merit. The poet's imagination invests the myths and legends and superstitions of the Indians with new interest. The book has been received with unusual favor by the best critics of the day; all have united in praising it. The *Independent* calls it one of the finest descriptive poems American literature has produced; Harper's Magazine says it is instinct with good taste and poetic feeling, affluent of picturesque description and graceful portraiture. By applying to Mr. Hathaway immediately, the few remaining copies of the author's edition of this book may be obtained, together with "Art Life," a volume of poetry previously published by Mr. Hathaway, for the extremely low price of \$1.50 for the two.

BEE KEEPING FOR PROFIT: A New System of Bee Management. By Mrs. Lizzie H. Cotton.

This book, which purports to give a new and original system of managing bees safely and profitably, seems to have been written far more in the interests of the "Controllable Hive," invented by the author, than for the purpose of giving new or valuable information on apiculture. The hive, which appears to be both expensive and complicated, is not endorsed by practical and experienced apiculturists; there is nothing of value to the bee-keeper in the volume, which is sketchy in character and "thin" in several senses of the word. As proof we may mention that Mrs. Cotton says, even in this new and revised edition, that the honey extractor "cannot be used to advantage and profit by the majority of bee-keepers" whereas Prof. Cook and other leading apiculturists pronounce it an invaluable aid. The rest of the work is of a piece with this assertion.

OVER THE WORLD. Travels, Adventures and Achievements. Compiled by Henry Howe. Bradley & Co., Philadelphia.

Out of a variety of materials, gathered from many sources, the author has succeeded in compiling a very readable volume of over eight hundred pages, containing historical items and facts, interesting incidents and exciting adventures, somewhat disconnected, but entertaining to the omnivorous reader. Considerable portions are condensations of historical works and travels, notably from Howett's History, Captain Porter's "Cruise of the Essex" and Miss Bird's travels in Japan, and others, and the range of contents literally runs "over the world." The book will be specially interesting to the young, who will find its narrative of details more engrossing than dry historical facts.

SUNSHINE. By Mrs. Louisa T. Cragin. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

We have here a fairly readable book, apparently a continuation of a previous story entitled "The Cedars," designed more particularly for young girls. It is not sufficiently thrilling to keep them awake o' nights, but the most captious could not cavil at its morals. A boarding school Christmas celebration and a mildly sensational boarding school adventure are described, and the pretty school-girl heroine comes scathless out of all her little perplexities.

GERMAN CARP.

There has been a great deal of talk about the value of this fish, its rapid growth and adaptability to sluggish pools and muddy, currentless streams and ponds, but little has been said of the flesh when submitted to table test. That they increase in size very rapidly, and will flourish where other fish would not thrive is undoubtedly true; but before going to the expense of fitting up ponds and paying \$5 per pair for fish to stock them, it might be prudent to inquire into the food value of the product. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* boldly says the stories sound very like those put out by adventurers who have worked the mulberry, Angora goat and other enterprizes to the disadvantage of those the credulous, and advises caution until more is known of the flavor and quality of these lazy fellows; and Charles Dudley Warner, the well known author, says that after eating carp he realized why the German government is "kindly sending the young fish out of the country." He also says that "though in some cases the carp and stories about carp differ, nevertheless, in one important particular they are both alike—it is very difficult to swallow either."

Well, we walked up the bridge toward the great town. We started even with the street, and gradually we got up to the second stories of the houses, and then to the third and fourth stories, and finally even with the roofs, and still higher, until

THE MAN ON THE LEFT

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play."

"Is Helen Franchot superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me."

Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"

THE SONG OF THE FLATIRON.

I sing the song of the flatiron,
The flatiron heavy and hot,
The nibilist brave of the laundry;
Who for others' rights cares not a jot;
For, whether to smash, smutch, or mangle,
To rumple, rend, roughen, or rip,
I laugh at all laws, in the Chinaman's claws,
Or the Irish girl's iron-like grip.
Over surfaces soft, starched, or sodden,
I press, plow, and pound in my power;
Frantic cries in hall, bedroom, and boudoir
Are my deep-rooted, delicate dower.
But, hilarious, I leap to my pastime;
Of creases and wrinkles I am king,
And of folds that criss-cross I'm the flat-footed
boss,
As my song self-complacent I sing.
The curling tongue clink with amazement,
The flatiron wrinkles with spite,
As washboard and wringer their victim.
Prepare for my finish'd delight;
And I hiss as I scorch cuffs and collars,
I smoke as the wistards I fry,
And I laugh fit to drop at the shirt-buttons pop
And the plait plucker under my play.
In embroidery and old lace I revel,
Fine needlework dies at my touch,
And, with me at my best, not a garment
Need wait for Time's sanderling clutch.
And still my brave song of the flatiron
Is strum, twit, and twist in the Chinaman's fist
Or the brawny Hibernian grip.

Mrs. Jarnigan's Jersey

Mrs. Jarnigan was one of those fortunate people who live "only ten minutes' walk from the station," past which the trains run cityward at such hours as 8:30 and 10:45; and, as the time table is being continually altered, much wholesome exercise is afforded the business men of that happy locality.

Mrs. J. was a close student of all the popular fashion journals, and it was through this source that she received the valuable information that nothing sets off a pretty figure like a Jersey. Now Mrs. J. had a pretty figure, not having yet acquired the peculiar lopsidedness of suburban residents, due to much carrying of bundles.

In common, also, with the rest of her sex she had laid to heart such simple maxims as, "A dress in the hand is worth ten at the dressmaker's," and "Milliners are the mothers of lies," and she could appreciate the comfort of a ready-made garment.

"Rupert, I'm going to get a jersey," she announced, at the breakfast table.

"Hump!" said Rupert to his newspaper. In a few minutes, however, the remark had bored through the manly thickness of his skull, and he observed with sarcasm.

"Perhaps you'll keep it in the front yard as an ornament?"

"Indeed I sha'n't! I'm going to wear it."

"I thought snakes, and beetles, and spiders, and roaches, and angle-worms were bad enough—well, don't expect me to walk to church with you with such a thing on your bonnet."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. J. with contemptuous severity.

"Why, the cow, of course! You said you were going to get a Jersey."

"Cow, indeed! If you ever half listened to me—a jersey is a sort of a jacket."

"Oh-o!" said Rupert, in relieved tones;

"is that all?"

And hearing a distant whistle, he rushed madly forth toward the railway station.

Left to herself, Arabella shed bitter, bitter tears over his brutal lack of sympathy, as she rummaged in the pockets of his second-best suit for car tickets and loose change.

To think and to act were synonymous with this noble woman, and not an hour had rolled past before she had taken the next train to town, and procured a jersey.

On reaching home she wrestled into it, with the aid of the cook and parlor maid, and then pale and exhausted, sat down to recuperate.

But it fitted her like a glove, and so pleased was she with her appearance that she called on all her neighbors, and gained a great deal of useful information on many subjects.

Mr. J., like most husbands, belonged to the genus male and therefore, when the shades of evening brought him home again, did not notice his new garment.

Arabella hid her wounded heart under a smile, and remained silent.

At length she withdrew to rest, leaving Mr. J. smoking on the porch.

She began to remove her jersey. It was something like skinning a cat, and about the time she had got it well over her head, a hitch occurred, and it would go no further.

She tugged at it. All in vain. Then she began to get frightened. She thought of the smothering of Desdemona; of the wretched prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta; then she remembered a sermon she had heard last Sunday on "them that perish in darkness," and she began to weep.

Must she perish thus? She tried to call Mr. J., but the door was shut. Perhaps she might reach it. Alas! she had lost her bearings, and knew not whither to turn. So site staggered around for a minute or two, tumbled over a chair, kicked over the table, and knocked the pitcher off the washstand in her blind gropings.

It was this noise that attracted Mr. J. He fancied he heard his name called in muffled tones of anguish, and the thought struck him that perhaps Mrs. J. was being garrotted by an early burglar.

Faith as he was as a husband, he could not let such a dead pass unchecked in his house. So he bounded up-stairs, stamping his toes and uprooting several stair-rods—not omitting the "harmless, necessary damn" customary on such occasions.

At the first glimpse he thought Mrs. J. might be masquerading as the Veiled Prophet; but a smothered wail issued from the depths:

"Take it off! Oh, take it off!"

"Where? where? What is it?" he cried looking about for the usual spider or cat-epicrill.

"Why, this thing—this nasty, horrid jersey. Pull it off—do!"

Arising to the emergency, Mr. J. clutched it, and pulled with a will; but Mrs. J.'s hairpins had, somehow, got mixed up with the elastic webbing, and when the jersey did come off, it was split up the back, and had carried with it several handfuls of golden hair.

Then Mrs. J. shed some more tears, and told Mr. J. he was a brute.

Mr. J. could not appreciate this point. But then men are obtuse.—Puck.

A Lakeside Musing.

"Avast heaving." Capt. Foamerest turned quickly on his heel after giving this order in the sharp, decisive tone habitual to seafaring men, and continued to pace the quarter-deck of the Avenger with regular tread. With hands behind him and eyes steadily fixed on the oaken planks which upheld him he did not look like a man on whose mind was pressing the weight of a great responsibility—a responsibility that ere the sun sank to rest beneath the water might necessitate the shedding of human blood. For five minutes he paced the deck in silence, and then turning with a show of impatience and speaking in a tone that betrayed irritation, if not anger, he again said: "Avast heaving."

The man to whom the command was addressed, a fine, brawny fellow, with a clear eye and honest face—in fact, the very model of a first-class sailor, drew in his head from over the bulwarks and replied: "I cannot."

"How long have you been in the American navy, my man?" asked the Captain, in unkind tones.

"Ten years, sir," was the reply.

"And is this your first experience on the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; avast heaving as soon as it is convenient."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the man, hitching up his pants respectfully.

The Captain walked slowly aft and addressed the man at the wheel—"Old Tom," a grizzled sea dog, who had sailed the Wabash under Secretary Thompson, and seen service off the rock-bound coast of Lemont when a hostile constabulary endeavored to attach a canal-boat.

"How does she head?" asked the Captain, looking into the binnacle.

"West by south," replied Old Tom, giving the wheel a turn and glancing aloft to see that the top-sails were drawing.

"I think we shall have a capful of wind from the north tonight," he added. "You cloud has a wicked look."

"Very well," said the Captain, "I will tell the cook to lash the beefsteak to the galley and make fast the toothpicks, in case anything should happen."

* * * * *

Night has come.

The Avenger is cleaving the water in gallant style, the white foam curling from her bow as she comes in stays and stands away on the starboard tack. The quarter-deck is deserted save by Lieut. Altatt, whose watch it is. The Captain has gone below and the steady, strident snore that is waited up tells that he is asleep. Suddenly one of the lookouts comes aft and touches his cap to the Lieutenant.

"There's a sail on the port bow, sir," he says.

Lieut. Altatt takes his glass and looks in the direction indicated.

"It is the pirate," he says, speaking calmly, as do all naval officers—in books.

"Send a man below to put a clothespin on the Captain's nose. And while you are there bring up my cutlass and a piece of pie."

The man disappeared.

In the meantime preparations had been made for the approaching conflict. The men were stationed behind the bulwarks, and their faces wore a determined look. Nearer and nearer drew the Avenger to her prey until at last she lay alongside the dreaded oyster pirate of Chesapeake Bay. Not a sign of life was visible on the craft. From the mizzenmast a week's washing flapped dismally in the night wind. Lieut. Altatt reached over the Avenger's side and grasped a shirt, thereby being enabled to hold his vessel steady. The men witnessed this maneuver in silent admiration. Brilliant seamanship always commands respect.

"Ship ahoy!" called the Lieutenant.

A noise was heard aboard the craft, and an instant later Black Mike, the pirate, appeared on deck. He comprehended the situation in an instant, and drawing a huge knife from his boot sprang forward to cut the tail from the shire to which Lieut. Altatt was holding, thereby allowing the Avenger to drift into the darkness. The officer was on the alert, however, and felled the pirate to the deck with a piece of the Government pie which he had not had time to eat. The man rose quickly, but thoroughly humbled.

"Well," he said, sullenly, "you have caught me at last."

"Do you surrender?" asked the Lieutenant.

"No," answered the pirate, with a horrid oath: "I will sell my life dearly."

"Reflect on what you are doing," said Lieut. Altatt's voice trembled as he spoke. "You are at our mercy. At a signal from me 100 copies of Secretary Chandler's report will be hurled on your deck."

"My God!" said the pirate; "are you, then, devoid of all humanity?"

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant; "no quarter will be given if the battle is begun."

The pirate looked into the portholes of the Avenger and saw the muzzles of the documents frowning at him. "In this report the usual length?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you have really got 100 copies aboard?"

"Yes."

"Then I surrender. A brave defense is one thing, but suicide is another." —From the *Unpublished Works of J. Fenimore Cooper.*

Cadillac, Nov. 9, 1883.

Dr. Pengelly:
I am canvassing in Cadillac, and hear a great deal about your medicine. I enclose pay for two bottles of your pine remedy. Please send at once. Many think Zos-Phora has almost done miracles for them. I hear of none who are dissatisfied with it.

Yours,

Mrs. O. Hollister.

From Lieut. John Osborne, of the Army of Evans, Webster & Co., Boston.

"Two bottles of Adamson's Botanic Balsam affected a cure in my family that four skillful physicians failed to do."

Sold by druggists and dealers at 35 cents.

Opium Smuggling.

Opium is surreptitiously supplied by San Francisco Chinamen to their countrymen in the Sandwich Islands, where it is forbidden. The drug brings \$80 to \$100 a pound, and the smuggling of a few hundred pounds makes a Chinaman rich. In numberless ways they try to introduce it. A large safe was consigned to a prosperous merchant. An officer demanded that it be opened. The Chinaman declared that he had forgotten the combination. That night the safe, weighing four tons, was taken out of the bonded warehouse, carted away several miles, emptied, and left in a sugar-cane field, where the officers found it next day, with evidence that it had been tampered with opium. A man had a contract for washing the linen of the Pacific Mail steamers. Hundreds of bundles, each containing a can of opium, were pitched from the steamer's deck to the wharf and carted to his laundry. He happened to be sick on one occasion, and his assistant, who was ignorant of the contraband trade, handled the linen in such a way that a can of opium fell out. A number of sewing machines were sent to Honolulu, and when it was discovered that the legs were hollow and packed with opium, the manufacturer was compelled to recall them.

A CINCINNATI lawyer has a high opinion of his brethren at the bar in Chicago, and relates an incident as an illustration. He says a couple of confidence men spotted a countryman with a big roll of greenbacks, and dogged his steps all over town, until passing along Clark street he was observed to enter a lawyer's office. They immediately called a conference. Said one, "The game is up—it's no use waiting for him." Said the confederate, "that's so, but let's lay for the lawyer when he comes out."

An absent-minded clergyman, when a couple called on him to be married, began to read the burial service, beginning in a solemn voice:

"Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live, and is full of trouble."

The bridegroom interrupted the minister, telling him of the serious mistake he had made.

"Well," was the reply, "if you insist upon it I will marry you, of course, but, believe me, you had better let me go on and bury you."

"What evidence had you of incompatibility?"

"Striking evidence. The last time I was at her house she showed me a decided weakness in her character. Now, if there is anything in this world that I admire, it is strength. Dear Colonel, I lose sight of a hundred faults."

"Why, my friend," the Colonel replied, "Miss Piggleworth is a lady of strong character."

"No, no, she's weak. Now Colonel, you know I am a man of the world and attach more importance to strength than a less-educated man would."

"Is she too girlish in her manner?"

"Oh, no."

"Vaccinating in her tastes?"

"No, quite steadfast."

"Then, how the deuce is she weak?"

"Well, you see, while I was with her the other evening, the rest of the family were away from home. While we were talking pleasantly a servant entered and said the washerwoman had come and wanted her pay, and, sir, without making an attempt to stand the woman off she deliberately paid the amount. I can't stand anything like that, and I am convinced that she would not do for my wife."

"I quite agree with you," the Colonel replied, after a moment's reflection. "Such a weakness of character would soon break a man up. Fortunately, I didn't marry that kind of a woman."

The man disappeared.

In the meantime preparations had been made for the approaching conflict. The men were stationed behind the bulwarks, and their faces wore a determined look.

Nearer and nearer drew the Avenger to her prey until at last she lay alongside the dreaded oyster pirate of Chesapeake Bay. Not a sign of life was visible on the craft. From the mizzenmast a week's washing flapped dismally in the night wind. Lieut. Altatt reached over the Avenger's side and grasped a shirt, thereby being enabled to hold his vessel steady. The men witnessed this maneuver in silent admiration. Brilliant seamanship always commands respect.

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* * * * *

At tea at Mme. De Ramponbois' some ladies were talking among themselves about the Avenger and saw the muzzles of the documents frowning at them. "Have you been to see them, my dear madame?" asked the mistress of the house of one of her friends.

"I am in the right time. Questions used to average from 100 to 500 per day. Now twice as many ask what the placard's for, and the thing's worse than ever. Keeps me talking nearly all day."

(Continued from first page).

ers are so well off. When a farmer fails it is by a foreclosure and not by an assignment. He cannot cheat his creditors, pay fifty cents on the dollar, and start anew like other business men. He was not as hopeful for the future prosperity of farmers as some of those present.

The discussion was cut short by the lateness of the hour. Many were preparing to leave to attend to cattle and sheep before it should be dark. The meeting was hurriedly adjourned, after deciding to hold the March meeting with Mr. and Mrs. D. Woodman.

A. C. G.

A Beautiful Gift.

The Great Rock Island Route has issued a new and most comprehensive Cook Book, of 128 pages, filled with new and reliable receipts from the best caterers of this and other countries. No housewife can afford to be without it; and though worth one dollar, it will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. As they will go like hot cakes, send at once to E. St. John, G. T. & A. C., Chicago, Ill.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, the author of "The Horse and its Management and Diseases," "Sheep, Lambs, and Poults," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to report cases of disease or injury, and to receive information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of THE FARMER. No questions will be answered of any kind, unless the subscriber sends a stamp. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and with particularity of treatment adopted so far. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Capons.

LANSING, D. C., '83.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Will you please give a subscriber of the FARMER your views in reference to the caponising of chickens. I have heard it asserted that it increases the value of poultry at least two fold. Does it require an expert to perform the operation? Please answer these questions in the next week's FARMER, and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Capons have been esteemed among the greatest delicacies of the table, and are made by the extirpation of the reproductive organs of the male fowls. The operation has been practiced from the earliest antiquity, in Greece, India and China, for the purpose of improving birds for the table, both in tenderness and flavor. It is extensively performed in the great poultry feeding districts of England; but in this country it is but little practiced, except in the vicinity of large cities, as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. A Mr. Reed, of Burlington County, N. J., several years ago, supplied the New York and Philadelphia markets, and a large breeder of poultry at Vermilion, Ohio, the Cleve land market. Capons readily sell at 25 to 30 cents per pound. The raising of capons, in the vicinity of large cities, is a very profitable business. The cockerels for capons should be of the largest breeds, as the Dorking, Cochin China, or the Malay. The proper age for operating is from two to three months old, and the operation should be performed in the spring. The capon no longer seeks the company of the hens; he becomes placid and peaceful, he fattens rapidly, and grows to an enormous size; his flesh is whiter, firmer, and more succulent than that of the natural kind. To perform this operation, two five or seven pound weights are required for confining the bird; a scalpel, a silver retractor for stretching open the wound sufficiently wide for operating within; a pair of spring forceps with a sharp cutting edge; a spoon shaped instrument; and a silver tube or canula, through which the two ends of a horse hair are passed forming a loop to be used as an escutcheon; and an operating table, about two feet long and twelve to fifteen inches wide and forty inches high; with two openings diagonally across the table six inches apart through which a leather strap five-fifths to three-quarters of an inch wide, and eighteen to twenty inches long is passed, the ends fastened together below the table. The whole expense of an outfit is from \$8 to \$10.

Does it require an expert to perform the operation? Yes; but the amateur may soon learn to be an expert, with little or no financial loss. The operation is a very simple one, therefore easily learned, and soon thoroughly mastered. Failure in operating upon the cockerel is not attended with absolute loss, as such failure is detected the moment the bird is released. If it totters about and tumbles over, wrings its neck and puts it in the pot for dinner, or if you prefer "spring chicken on toast," it is very palatable. If it runs around when released you need have no fears of the success of the operation. The experiment therefore is not a costly one. Parties desirous of gaining practical information upon the subject will please address, Prof. R. Jennings, No. 201 First Street, Detroit, Mich.

Curb.

JONES, Mich., 10-'83.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a horse eight years old, white, and in good health, on which during the past month has come a curb. The treatment he has received has sold out a half-interest in his fine herd of Holsteins to Mr. Bruce Phillips, of Utica, and the latter will hereafter have the care of the herd, which has been moved to Utica. Mr. Phillips had a herd of his own previously, and Mr. Rowley takes a half-interest in it also. They have some nice stock, both male and female, for sale, and those wishing for Holsteins should make a note of it. Either of the parties can be written to for description, breeding, terms, etc.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Boley & Son, Pittsford, Mich., who will offer some 19 head of Shorthorns at auction on Thursday, the 22d day of January. At the head of this herd is the 20th Duke of Hillesdale 22800, bred by Curtis & Sons of Addison, with imp. Duke of Wicken 14130 for sire, and Duchess of Hillesdale by Dick Taylor 5500 for dam, and tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170). A number of the young things offered are by him, among which are two bulls and five heifers. For particulars see advertisement.

A big patent medicine concern in Buffalo, R. Pierce, recently opened a gaudily-covered store on the side of State street, near the Post directory. The newspaper mail was encumbered with 30 great two-hundred sacks of documents, and the carriers were in despair at the prospect of delivering them. Special Agent, B. L. Sweet, of the custom-patent office, put a circular advertising a lottery. The Postmaster General ordered them returned by express to the parties mailing them, at their own expense. If

not removed in two weeks, repeat the application. Dress the blister with a little lard, and wash occasionally with castile soap and water.

Obscure Lameness.

VERNON, Mich., Dec. 18, 1883.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Last spring I got a brown mare, five years old, that was not broken. While breaking her she showed slight lameness in the off fore leg. The lameness did not increase until I was finishing plowing corn, when it got so bad that she would hardly use it. I consulted a farrier, who blistered her between the leg and body, and rubbed liniment on the cords below the knee, which cured the lameness in three or four days. She has not been lame in that leg since. I have a similar lameness in the other fore leg when I am driving. The same treatment will cure the lameness for a time, but it returns when she is worked. Cannot find any tenderness. She seems not to have full control of the leg, strikes her toe, and the leg doubles forward. What is the cause, and what will effect a permanent cure?

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Dec. 24, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 3,288 bbls, against 4,087 bbls, last week, and 4,709 bbls for the corresponding week in 1882. Shipments, 8,102 bbls.

The condition of the market is one of steadiness, with a fair movement of stock considering the condition of the trade. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

White wheat, choice..... \$4 75 @ 24 lbs

Michigan white wheat, roller process..... 6 00 @ 25 lbs

Michigan white wheat, patents..... 6 00 @ 25 lbs

Minneapolis, patents..... 7 25 @ 25 lbs

Wheat.—The week closed with wheat slightly lower than at time of our last report. On the whole the fluctuations in values have been very light. There will be no market at the Board of Trade until Wednesday. Closing prices were as follows on cash wheat: No. 1 white, \$1.04; No. 2 white, \$1.04; No. 3 red, \$1.04. On futures: January, \$1.04 1/2¢; February, \$1.04 1/2¢; March, \$1.11¢.

Corn.—Market quiet and lower. No. 2 is selling at 85¢; No. 3 for January delivery at 90¢, new mixed at 83 1/4¢. Street prices, 48¢@2c.

Oats.—Quiet. Quotations are 36¢ for No. 2 white, and 41¢ for No. 2 mixed. Street prices, 28¢@2c.

Buckwheat Flour.—Quiet at \$4 50 per 100 lbs.

Barley.—Fine western samples are quoted at \$10 20¢ per bu., and Canada barley about 50¢ higher. State is selling at \$12 00 1/4¢ per cwt, and on the street at 60¢@per bu.

Oatmeal.—Demand good and prices steady. Fino Ohio and Illinois selling at \$6 50 per bu.

Corn Meal.—Firm and steady at \$2 00 per sack.

Feed.—Lowell sold Duff & Caplis a mixed lot of 9 head of thin butchers' stock at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

Riley sold Wreford & Beck 4 fair butchers' steers at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

Sullivan sold Sullivan 3 fair butchers' steers at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

Sullivan sold Duff & Caplis 4 fair butchers' steers at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

Sullivan sold Duff & Caplis a mixed lot of 11 head of thin butchers' stock at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

Sullivan sold Wreford & Beck 4 thin butchers' steers at 77¢ lbs at \$3 75.

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